

With his sword by his side—a Muramasa blade, likely to bring bad luck to the wearer—Murasame was awakened from his own house in the quarter of the great old temple called Yamashina to the quarter which was called Yoshiwara, a place of ill repute, and where the women of evil life and where the roystering and the night life were. He knew that the sacred duty of his master's death had led him to cast off his wife so that he might prevent a riot in the city of the Three Sea Shores. The fame of his shameful deed had spread abroad, and it must soon come to the ears of the man whom he wished to take under his protection, a man who was lying prone in the street, seemingly slain by a common robber, so that men might see him and learn the news to the treacherous assassin of his revered master. As he lay there that afternoon moonlight shone down on the devices he should use to make away with the man when the hour might be ripe at last for the

PART III.

until the enemy was off his guard and open to attack."

But thrilling—like the pulses that we bear,  
Immortal years.

